The concept of ownership

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The concept of ownership

by Cinnamaldeide

Summary

Dragons cannot abandon a fight until their rival perishes. For good measure, Hannibal eats the carcass afterwards.

Notes

Many thanks to Another_lost_one for having beta read this work ❀

See the end of the work for more notes

Despite evidence of the contrary, dragons were sentient, inherently intelligent creatures.

Will had intimately known the strength of their intrinsic charm, the length to which their cunning nature could extend. He had learned to read into their behaviours and interpret their needs and expectations through extensive studies and years of field exposure.

They were also deceiving beasts.

If they elected to establish a permanent bond with another soul, the unsuspecting recipient of their attentions, there was little to be done to preempt the intended tie or sever its forging, regardless of the incompatibility of the respective species involved.

Will would know. Hannibal had taught him reciprocal belonging with an elusive shapeshifter oftentimes wasn't a matter of personal preferences.

However, it seemed Hannibal wasn't the sole dangerous dragon around anymore.

"He may have a history of biting in lesser assaults," Will quietly inferred from Price's laboratory examination and Zeller's mould of the teeth. "May be a fighting pattern as much as sexual behaviour."

Feeling avid eyes focussed on himself, it occurred to Will how long it had been since any of the present had caught an accurate glimpse of the mindset of a feral dragon, which was instead rather familiar to him.

Will hadn't wanted those intrigued, slightly uncomfortable gazes upon himself again.

He hadn't wanted to leave the safety of his home and family. He hadn't wanted to come back to Jack and his endless investigations. He hadn't wanted to revisit crime scenes following the blurry afterimage of an overshadowed entity with sharp fangs and scales under its skin.

He hadn't wanted to admit to himself that Hannibal's proximity, however wane and temporary, still affected him so very deeply. But it did.

His scars hummed like a persistent, dull chant at the mere reminder of him. An ever-present shape in his mind. Hard to forget those cruel claws that had torn his stomach apart and almost sawed his skull like a removable lid.

His careful, gentle tongue healing Will's sliced skin where Cordell's blade had began slicing his jawline.

Dragons were hoarding creatures. They took the concept of ownership very seriously. They even fought until the death of their opponent, or their own, to assess it in an utterly definitive manner.

It had been Will's luck to share an indissoluble connection with one who unrepentantly fed on the corpse afterwards. He knew, in virtue of that connection, that Hannibal privately gloated in being considered as unique as Will.

He also knew that Hannibal was impatient to see his boring routine disrupted and in disarray.

"There's something I can do to catch this dragon for you," Will said, looking straight in Jack's attentive eyes, sweaty hands burrowed in deep pockets. "I can wait until I'm driven to it by desperation in the last days before the full moon, or I could do it now."

There was reticence depicted on his tired features, but Will was sure Jack had secretly hoped for him to draw the same conclusion. "I have to see Hannibal."

And Jack hadn't tried very hard to persuade him otherwise.

Although decidedly more in tune with their animalistic traits than mere humans could ever aspire to become, dragons remained tendentially clever, inventive beings.

They had to be. Extinction would have overtaken their breed long ago, considering the conflicts which had repeatedly occurred in the Middle Ages. There was just so much torture a shapeshifter could handle in its human form. Just so much time before starvation or dehydration ensued.

They were astute, perceptive, capable of intricate ploys to ensure their survival.

Hannibal, a prime example of that, had managed to remain completely undetected for centuries, more than a long-lived lifetime, committing the most compelling, gruesome atrocities his brilliant mind had conjured against whomever disrespected him or challenged the dragon hidden within, before encountering Will and deciding that the man inspired a certain kinship in him, for reasons Will himself had yet to unravel.

Will had been flattered by his friendship, had trusted him like no other dragon or human in his existence. Had seen his true form before anyone else, which conversely had earned him Hannibal's obsessive interest, for the creature had recognized something dark and twisted lurking deep inside Will in turn.

Something worth imprisonment for an indefinite amount of time, with the sole purpose of letting Will know exactly where he was and where he could always be found.

Where their bond would always urge Will to head to.

He had resisted long enough before visiting him that he had forgotten Hannibal preferred his natural shape, reptilian and intimidating, to the caricatural person suit nowadays.

When their eyes met through the protective glass of his imposing cage, blue irises against large red pupils, Will realised he had missed the sight of his iridescent body, his elegantly folded wings, covered by a multitude of thin, bony plates. His graceful stance, even trapped between bare walls and an impossibly low ceiling.

He recalled the feeling of powerful muscles shifting around his own sedated body, enclosing him in a tight grasp, when Hannibal had removed them from the Muskrat Farm, brand still burning on his lower back. Will had been barely conscious, his brain far from lucid, but he remembered the fondness of his gaze, the comfort to be found in his touch.

The wariness after Will's rejection.

Although many opportunities had been presented to Will, the man never attempted to ride on his back, never even considered he would be allowed to, but he hoped Hannibal would fight one last dragon by his side, just like the old days.

Together against lessen creatures, stronger than the two of them would ever on his own.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter."

The man had yet to decide whether he would claim the dragon for himself afterwards.

"Hello, Will."

End Notes

I’m so bad with supernatural elements, why did I do this to myself (ノ°□°)ノ
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